

A Trespasser

By HONORE WILLIS

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The snow had disappeared from the valley, hedged upon three sides by mountains, but far up in the slopes there were still great white acres of it. Grigsby worried a great deal about these snow patches. At night, when the camp was still, he lay awake hour after hour considering the matter.

The New York stockholders who had sent the young mining engineer out to explore and test the mine had given him no information as to how, when or where to protect his workmen. On Tuesday of the previous week a great wedge of snow and ice had loosened from the peak, had hurtled down the mountain side, gathering speed and size as it went, and had killed Jim Grady, the foreman, without even stopping to drop him after the deed was done.

"The oldest inhabitant" told Grigsby that such would probably be the programme until spring had set in thoroughly.

So for several nights Grigsby worried. Then on a certain cold, drizzly morning he called the men from the mine and set them, one and all, at work on his idea. The idea consisted of a great "V," with its apex turned up the valley, and when completed the engine house over the mine was to set snugly in the angle of a great fence of logs and bowlders. It took three days to complete the idea, and when it was done Jack Grigsby squared his handsome shoulders, set his teeth firmly on the amber stem of his pipe and said: "There, by gum! I'd like to see a snowslide harm that!"

The oldest inhabitant, who stood by Jack's side, grinned.

"You've put a lot of work on that thing," he said.

"Well, it's worth it," replied Jack.

"Huh," answered the old miner, "I could 'a' told you something that wouldn't 'a' been any work at all and would 'a' been just as effective as that."

"A nice time to be telling me that," exclaimed Jack. "Well, what is it?"

The old man pulled a dejected-looking envelope out of his pocket, after a long search found a stubby pencil and made a few marks on the envelope back, then walked over to a tree and tacked the paper up on the trunk. Grigsby followed him curiously. On the envelope was written:

"Avalanches are requested not to trespass here."

Jack roared. "Well, you're a great joker."

The old man grinned, but shook his head. "Just as good as your wedge," he answered. "You ain't seen a real slide yet. You want to move your mine, that's what you want to do."

Grigsby looked a little troubled. "The president of the company and his daughter are due here this afternoon, but the weather has been so snappy lately I guess we are safe."

Then to himself as he walked away, "I'd give the world and all to see Madge, but"—Then he looked at the V shaped rampart. "Gee, that would stand anything," he said.

The visitors were not expected until late in the afternoon, but it was only 1 o'clock when the short, fat millionaire and his dainty, slender daughter dismounted from their horses and left them at the group of shacks on the mountain side. Then they descended into the gulch, where the shaft opened.

"Now, remember, Madge, no nonsense," the president was putting. "These young engineers are all right in their places. But their places are not as sons-in-law of mine. Seems to me you've been showing rather a lively interest in young Grigsby."

Madge sniffed, but made no reply to her father's admonitions. They were an old tale, whose moral did not in the least interest her. Her father took the chaperonage of his pretty daughter very seriously.

Jack Grigsby ran toward them with bared head and outstretched hand, but the president had little time to waste on greetings.

"What in thunder is that mountain of rubbish built around the plant for?" he demanded.

Jack explained the mission of his cherished idea, but the president shook his head.

"Pooh, pooh," he scoffed. "Fearful looking mess. Better tear it out. Don't need that to keep off a little snow and ice."

Madge interposed tactfully. "Oh, come on," she cried. "I want to see everything."

The three walked slowly over toward the engine house, Jack explaining eagerly.

"Where are all the men?" asked Madge.

"In the mine, even the engineer. We are having some."

The oldest inhabitant grasped Jack's arm.

"For heaven's sake," he gasped, "ring the bell. It's coming!"

The three followed his gaze. Far up the mountain, at the beginning of the valley, a roar, and with the roar it seemed as if the whole side of the mountain was sliding down into the valley—a great, gray mass, that gathered to itself all that barred its path huge trees, cabin-big stones, and all ways with a roar, increasing in volume to the din of a thousand trains.

"The men are safest in the mines," Jack cried.

He grasped Madge's arm, but the oldest inhabitant thrust him one side.

"Manage the old man," he said; "I'll take the girl."

Then with his arm about Madge he

ran with all his strength up the mountain side. Grigsby seized the president's arm.

"Come!" he cried.

The president started out bravely, but his weight told, and with the third step he stumbled and fell. With each heart throb the speed of the snowslide was lessening, their chances. Jack tugged at the heavy old man. Now he could see the bowlders that bridged the front of the avalanche and now it had taken the very tree to which was pinned the fluttering trespass warning. With a superhuman effort Jack flung the president out of harm's way. Then he sprang himself, scarcely noticing a heavy blow from a whizzing tree top.

In another moment the avalanche was a thing of the past, and a great swathe down the center of the valley was polished smooth as a macadam road. With a single glance to see that Madge was safe, he called to the two men and ran to the shaft opening, over which the slide had passed. It was choked with a mass of logs and led.

"Find ropes," Grigsby cried—"anything!" The Lord knows how many were in the shaft!

It was an hour of terrible toil, but somehow the three accomplished the task. With hands torn and bleeding, panting and half crazed with fear for those below, they toiled unceasingly—the oldest inhabitant, with the strength of a man twenty years his junior, his white hair wet with perspiration, Grigsby, with face drawn taut, and the president, peeled down to vest and trousers, panting with the best of them.

Grigsby called down through the opening, and the answer came back faint, but cheerfully:

"All safe! What's the rip? Send us down a rope."

When all were safe the president climbed to Jack's cabin and sat down heavily. Jack and Madge followed. He looked at Jack closely.

"Great spoke, man, look at your arm!" he cried.

Jack glanced at the blood stained sleeve from which the arm laughed helplessly. "I know it," he answered cheerfully. "A tree top slapped me as the slide passed, but I don't care; every man is safe!"

The president stared at the white dirt stained face. "Madge," he said, "I'd like to have you marry this sort of man."

"That's what Jack and I hoped," answered Madge, smiling even as she moaned over the wounded arm.

"That's settled, then," said the president briskly. "Now let's see what I can do for that arm." And if he noticed that the well arm was encircling Madge's waist he did not mention the fact.

By the Fall Branch.

A story which used to be related years ago had to do with an incident which happened in Sierra county, Cal., the principal actor in which was Judge Sears of the district court.

The judge was on his way from Nevada to Plumas county. At Downville there were two young lawyers who had agreed to argue a motion when the judge arrived. Then, as time was pressing and both lawyers were also going to Plumas, it was decided to ride along and carry on the argument by the way.

Up the mule trail from Downville to Monte Cristo, down to Oak Ranch and so on to Eureka the argument proceeded. At Eureka the case was examined with the aid of refreshments, and in due time a decision was reached.

The loser consoled himself with the thought that he had ascended the mountain without being conscious of the grade.

"Possibly the mule felt it as usual," suggested the judge.

"I think from the result that he, too, was absorbed in helping to make up the opinion," said the lawyer.

The Japanese Way.

It is said that the Japanese are an ingenious race, but it appears to the occidental mind that there are limits to this boasted ingenuity. An entomologist in a New York college tells the Reader Magazine of a case where a trusted Japanese assistant failed him in a moment where singular ingenuity was required. The scientist had a tray of carefully arranged and minute specimens and was carrying it from one table to another, when he stumbled, or, a protruding chair leg and partly fell scattering the specimens over the floor. Many hours of work were in a second quite undone. Some serviceable and hard worked expeditious must have leaped to his lips and then proved inadequate to the occasion, for, after a pregnant moment of silence, he turned to the Japanese and said:

"Tell me, quick, what would you say in Japanese if such a thing happened to you? Give me the translation in stant'y."

"Ah," said the Japanese scientist with calm gravity, "we would address the chair and say, 'You are very impolite.'"

Handle Work With Gloves.

"I hope," said the woman who was ordering a pair of slippers made of flowered satin, "that you will tell your workman to wash his hands before he begins to make these up."

"Wash his hands!" repeated the clerk. "Why, madam, he never will touch these with his bare hands."

Then the clerk explained that all workmen employed in making slippers of light colors worked with white gloves on. "Try to keep them clean," he continued. "I should say they did. They try so hard that they change their white gloves three times a day."

Which is not so fantastic as it may seem, for if a shoemaker sold material of this kind the expense to him of replacing the material, to say nothing of the loss of his time, makes it worth his while to work in gloves and keep them clean at that.—New York Press.

Woman's Trials.

The bitter trail in a woman's life is to be childless. Who can tell how hard the struggle may have been ere she learns to resign herself to her lonely lot? The absence of this link to bind marital life together, the absence of this one pledge to mutual affection is a common disappointment. Many unfortunate couples become estranged thereby. Even if they do not drift apart, one may read the whole extent of their disappointment in the eyes of such a childless couple when they rest on the children of others. To them the largest family does not seem too numerous.

In many cases of barrenness or childlessness the obstacle to child-bearing is easily removed by the cure of weakness on the part of the woman. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been the means of restoring health and fruitfulness to many a barren woman, to the great joy of the household. In other, but rare cases, the obstruction to the bearing of children has been found to be of a surgical character, but easily removable by painless operative treatment at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Hottel, N. Y., over which Dr. Pierce of the "Favorite Prescription" fame presides. In all cases where children are desired and are absent, an effort should be made to find out the real cause, since it is generally so easily removed by proper treatment.

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THE EVIL EYE.

Shakespeare's Vellied Allusions to It in "Richard III."

There are several passages in Shakespeare's play of "Richard III." which, taken in connection with an ancient superstition in the England of Elizabeth—indeed, still flourishing in many parts of the continent and even lingering here and there in our own land yet—seem to indicate a probability that the dramatist meant us to understand that Richard, as conceived by him, possessed the power of "fascination" through the evil eye. It is true that Shakespeare does not say this in so many words, but the fact of the prevalence of the belief in the evil eye in his day would render it unnecessary for him to do more than hint at or suggest it, and a far stronger argument in explanation of his not making the statement direct would be found in the common persuasion that attaches to so many folkloric superstitions that it is dangerous to mention supernatural or uncanny things by name. We are not obliged to assume in consequence of this that Shakespeare himself believed in the evil eye, and for the present purpose it does not matter whether he did or not, but we do know, as he knew, that most of those who formed his audiences believed in it. For his ends the notion would have a striking dramatic value, and it would also help to explain the extraordinary way in which Richard "fascinated" first Ann and then Elizabeth immediately after having wrought their serious injury.

To turn to the passages in question, in I. ii, 45 (Globe text) Ann Nevill says with reference to Gloucester, "Mortal eyes cannot endure the devil." The word "devil" here would have in this case not a general, but a special application, since possession of the evil eye was supposed to have acquired that mischievous organ, with its powers of bewitchment, through a compact with Satan. In I. ii, 78, contains the word "infection," applied by Ann to Gloucester, a term regularly used of the evil eye. In I. ii, 90, we find the phrase "devilish slave" used to Gloucester by Ann. This viewed in the light of the other passages we are dealing with, may allude to Gloucester's pact with the devil, whereby he became his agent or "hell's factor to buy souls" (VI. iv, 72), in pursuit of which business the evil eye bestowed on him by Satan would be invaluable in attracting and "fascinating" customers. Again, in I. ii, 144, Ann spits at Gloucester. It is needless to remark that from the earliest times in all ages and among all peoples one of the commonest antidotes to "fascination" (the technical term for the action of the evil eye) or other evils was desperate malum. In I. ii, 149, we have the accusation again hurled at Gloucester by Ann: "Out of my sight! Thou dost infect mine eyes." In I. iii, 225, we find another accuser in Queen Margaret, who, to Gloucester, says, "That deadly eye of thine." In IV. i, 56, the Duchess of York, his mother, chimes in as a third accuser with the words addressed to herself in reproach for having brought in the world such a monster as Richard: "A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world, whose unvarnished eye is murderous." The beliefs about the fatal glance of the cockatrice are too well known to enter into and are in themselves outside the scope of this note, but it should not be forgotten that this beast also "infected" the air around it.—Notes and Queries.

A Mountain Humourist.

Two gentlemen were traveling in one of the hill counties of Kentucky bound on an exploration for pitch pine. They had been driving for two hours without encountering a human being, when they came in sight of a cabin in a clearing. It was very still. The boys lay where they had fallen, the thin clay bank mule grazed round and round in a neat circle to save the trouble of walking, and one lean, lank man, whose garments were the color of the clay bank mule, leaned against a tree and let time roll by.

"Wonder if he can speak?" said one traveler to the other.

"Try him," said his companion.

The two approached the man, whose yellowish eyes regarded them without apparent curiosity.

"How do you do?" said the northerner.

"Ho, ay," remarked the southerner languidly.

"Pleasant country?"

"Fur them that likes it."

"Lived here all your life?"

The southerner spat pensively in the dust.

"Not yet," he said.—Reader.

In Hard Luck.

One man had just told the story involving a suggestion to the conductor of a slow train to take the cowcatcher off the locomotive and attach it to the rear of the train, on the theory that the train couldn't possibly run over a cow and that a cow might stray into the rear door of the last coach and bite the passengers if not restrained by a cowcatcher.

"I saw a man run down by a locomotive once," said a melancholy stranger.

"It was on the road from Carbondale to Selgel. At Richland one man, de-

had proceeded about fifteen miles when the train overtook him. He was knocked down, and the train, in a leisurely sort of fashion, proceeded to run over him. The man spoke a few words and expressed the wish that \$5,000 accident insurance that he carried be given to his sweetheart. But the poor girl never got the money. Before the engine got to the man's knees rheumatism set in, and the poor fellow died a natural death. It being an accident policy, the girl couldn't collect the money."—Kansas City Star.

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ESTATE OF MARTIN McRAMARA.

May 4, 1906.

According to the order of GEORGE E. RUSSELL, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned, executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscribers under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

WILLIAM F. CONWAY, Executor.

EDWARD KENNY, Executor.

EDWARD KENNY, Executor.

HORACE S. OSBORN, Pres., Newark, N. J.

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